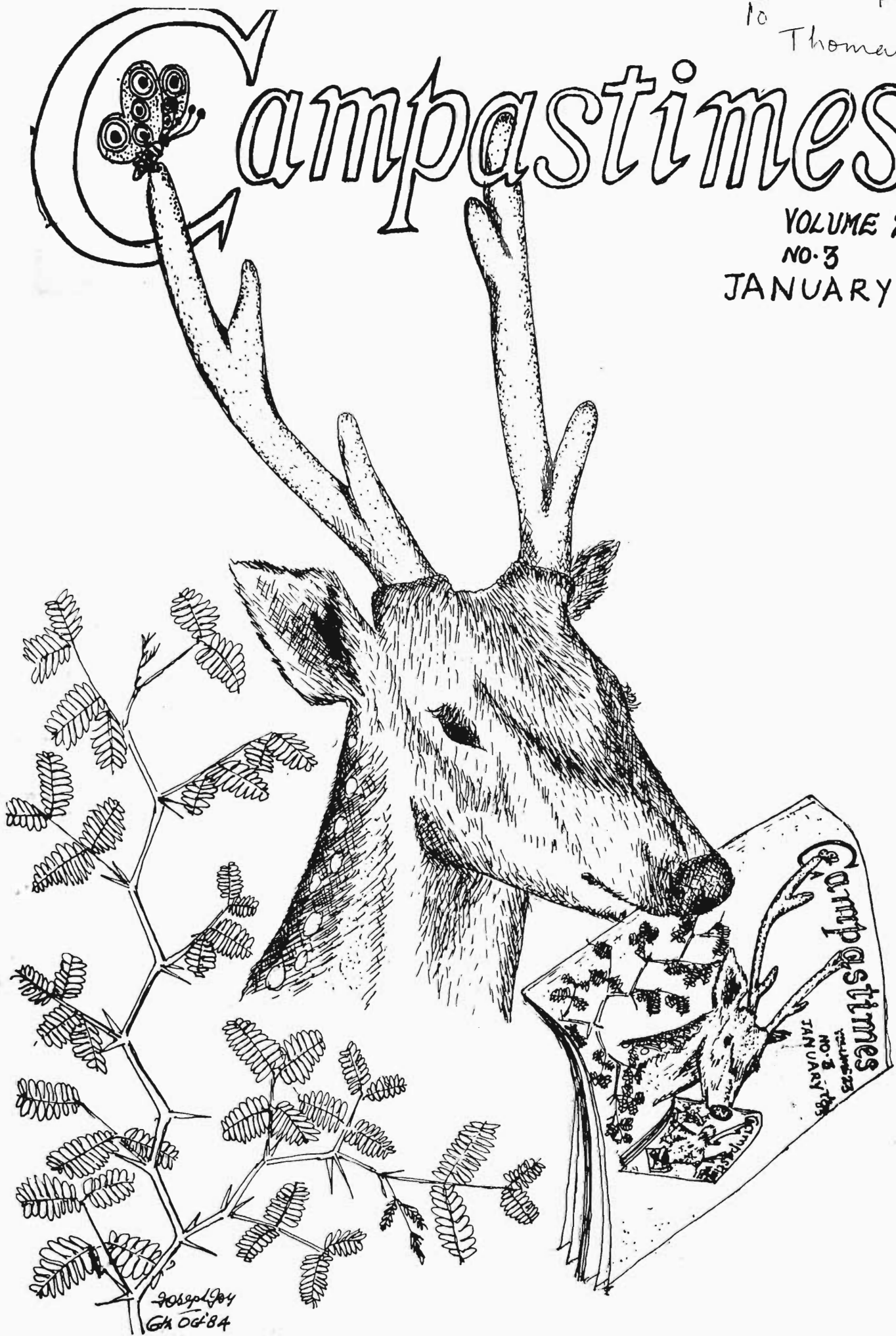


page 16-19
To Thomas Tharn
- Ed.

Campastimes

VOLUME 23
NO. 3
JANUARY '85



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②

CAMPASTIMES WISHES ALL ITS READERS A HAPPY NEW YEAR

EDITORS

MANI SUNDARAM - 110 NARMADA
THADI MURALI - 248 NARMADA
RAJAT MUKHERJEE - 246 MANDAKINI

*Our sincere thanks to
Mr. P.S. Sridharan, for
painstakingly typing
out this entire issue.*

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*Our thnks also to Mr. Swami
and Mr. Venkatesan of the
Reprography Section of the
Central Library.*

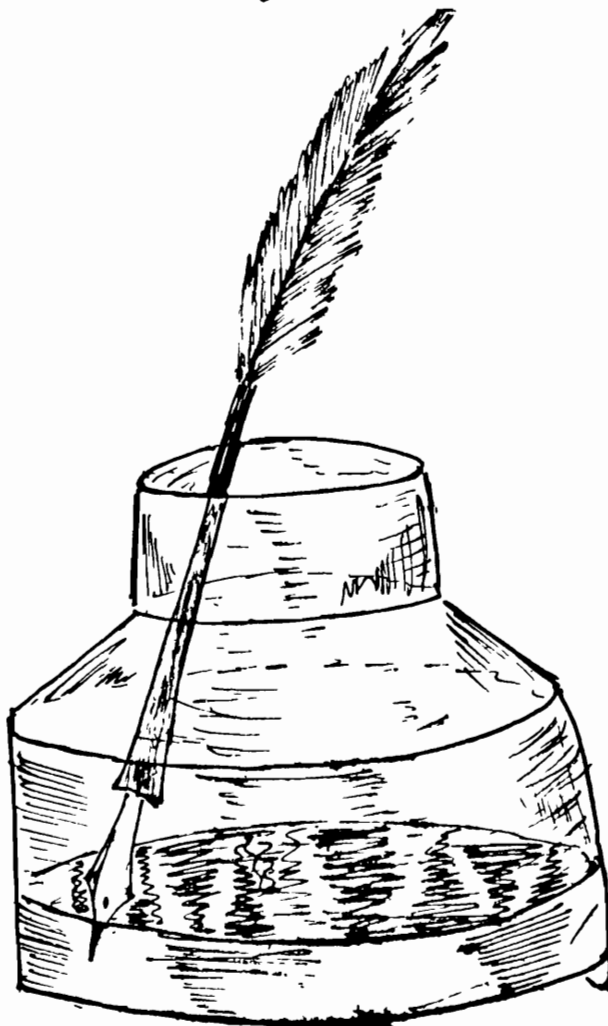
VOL XXIII - NO. 3

By way of a little trumpet blowing let us state at the very outset that, in our opinion, this mag seems to be getting pretty spicy, as the beast on the cover which, by the expression on its face, seems to be partaking of a highly tasty dish, will testify.

§ § §

To pass on to less obvious matters. By all accounts it appears that the street plays binge on the 20th of September witnessed IITian behaviour at its disgraceful worst. It was crude enough to prompt one angry witness of the exhibition to plaster notices on all the hostel noticeboards the following morning itself advising the hotheads of the previous evening to deny future cultural shows the pleasure of their presence and stick to safer pursuits like catching up on their lab reports. A step, we felt, that was long overdue.

Some of us seem to think that we have discharged our obligations as hosts by merely turning up for these inter-collegiate



affairs, that we are not responsible for what follows. What followed that day was a display of rocket artillery to the usual accompaniment of a vocal dysentery of boos and catcalls. But there is a limit to these things. And that limit was crossed when some thickheads sought to make things hot for the participants by bursting crackers. That a few of the saner elements should hold that the binge ought not to have been held under the open sky on Diwali Eve with crackers easily available to the IITian is both unflattering and unfortunate. We earnestly hope that we are sufficiently evolved from monkeys, not to get unbalanced by sparklers. Let us in future try and behave like decent hosts.

§ § §

We don't know who they are but there are some optimists out there in the cold who actually believe that a sizable percentage of the next crop of intellectuals in the country will be from the IITs. We may safely assume that IIT Madras is expected to furnish a fifth of this quota. But if the number of relevant articles received by this mag in the wake of the tumultuous happenings in the country to-day is any indication of the concern of an intellectual for current problems, then God help the Indian intellectual scene, for the IIT Madras guys can't. To be sure, we have a large number of analysts of the armchair variety. Their wisdom can be had for the price of a cup of tea at Nair's tea shop or Quark.

Talking is one thing. Writing is something else again. Writing on social issues, like writing a computer program, forces organised thought and man is naturally more sober and sincere when his word is to be recorded, for he hardly wishes to appear an unthinking ass to his readers. We are there if he does wish to.

So churn out a couple of masterpieces this sem. Any topic goes. Remember that this mag doesn't run on air.

We'll sign off by wishing you again all a Happy New Year.

Yours etc.,

THE EDITORS.

AFTERMATH OF EDEN



"The old man's in a bad mood," warned Gabriel. "But I've got to meet him!" I protested, "He can't just transfer us to some other place and expect us to like it!". "He sympathises with your position, of course, but he can't help throwing you out," said Gabriel, "Public criticism of 'elitist institutions' mounted sharply after that unfortunate episode, and since we're a socialist govt., we had to throw you out. The place is being shut down."

I sighed. Gabriel gave me a reproachful look. "It was partly your fault, you know. You shouldn't have included Lucifers writings in your educational works. He's a radical. The old man doesn't like him at all. Lucifer's been trying to wean away his supporters and undermine his authority. He's trying to prove him a nobody. These communists!"

"The extreme left always gets left, it would seem," I said, remembering that in the elections held shortly after what came to be known as the Edengate Scandal, Lucifers party failed to win a single seat.

"The old man's now working on a plan to call Lucifers party subversive, and ban him from contesting future elections," Gabriel chuckled.

"I don't like his habit of constantly slinging mud at the opposition, especially not when it can't fight back!" I said.

"I, for one, feel things were better under Lucifer. Why even as the old man's deputy, he handled crises admirably!" "Must you really take the side of these renegades?" asked Gabriel primly.

"Coming back to the point, I've got to talk to him and arrange a change of residence. This place is unbearable!"

"Can't help it, I'm afraid. The recession's hit everybody. Got to work by the sweat of one's brow from now on, as the old man says."

"But ..." I started again. Gabriel shook his head. "It's not possible, I tell you. He's under considerable strain already. Odin and he have allied themselves for the sole purpose of commanding a 2/3 majority sufficient to pass the bill outlawing Lucifer. After that's done, the old man plans to split with Odin, announce Millennium again and hold fresh elections. It's us against Odins crowd then."

"You don't like your allies?" I asked, stupefied. "How can we?" asked Gabriel, shocked. "They're dog-eat-dog capitalists. We're only united against the communists"

"But can't you somehow adjust and have a coalition govt.?" I asked. Gabriel laughed, "The old man says capitalism and socialism are like two cars. Capitalism is an attractive sports car that zooms thrillingly. Socialism is an old jalopy. Ride in one and you'll zoom, but you may crash somewhere. Ride in the other and it'll be a long and boring ride perhaps, but you'll reach your destination unscathed. But ride with one foot in each like we're doing now, and you'll bite the dust!"

"So you're bent on a confrontation?"

"Yup! The old man can't bear the sight of Odin or his paunch. He refers to him as that 'capitalist pig'."

"That's all fine, but he's got to help us. Doesn't he intend to keep his election promises, 'Ask and it shall be given' etc.?" "It's like that," said Gabriel, distressed, "He has too many problems right now."

"All of his own making! We've got problems too, genuine problems. This place he's transferred us to is too hot. Couldn't it at least be moved away from the fireplace?"

"Afraid not," said Gabriel, "the transportation portfolio is in the Odin camp, and those capitalists will never agree. The govt. gains nothing by juggling your planet around. 'What's the use?' They'll ask you and argue about cost-benefit ratios. Frankly, I can't stand this project-motive business of theirs."

"OK, OK, but we need at least some liquid medium to help us in our lives, the commonly used substances like H_2 Te, H_2 Se, H_2 S & H_2 O are all gases at that temperature. Can't you make one of them a liquid, say H_2 O?"

Gabriel was horrified, "What? Are you mad? The law clearly states, that 'The properties of elements shall be a periodic function of their atomic numbers'!"

"Exactly!" I said, "I'm trying to make use of the loophole there. It only says elements, not compounds. How about changing law 141.2.1.8 to read ' H_2 O shalt melt at $0^\circ C$ and

boil at $100^\circ C$ ' eh, Gabby?"

Gabriel was speechless. I pressed on, relentless.

"I've thought of another thing. In winter, ponds and lakes will freeze and living creatures will die. But if the H_2 O freezes and goes to the surface, it can prevent the lower layers from freezing. Life can go on under the ice. Brilliant, eh Gabby? All you'll have to do is amend law 141.2.3.5 to read, ' H_2 O shalt increase in density with increase in temperature till, say, $4^\circ C$ and shalt thenceforth decrease.'"

"No!" said Gabriel, finding his voice at last, "This will never do! An anomalous substance! What will the old man say? He so hates anomalies!"

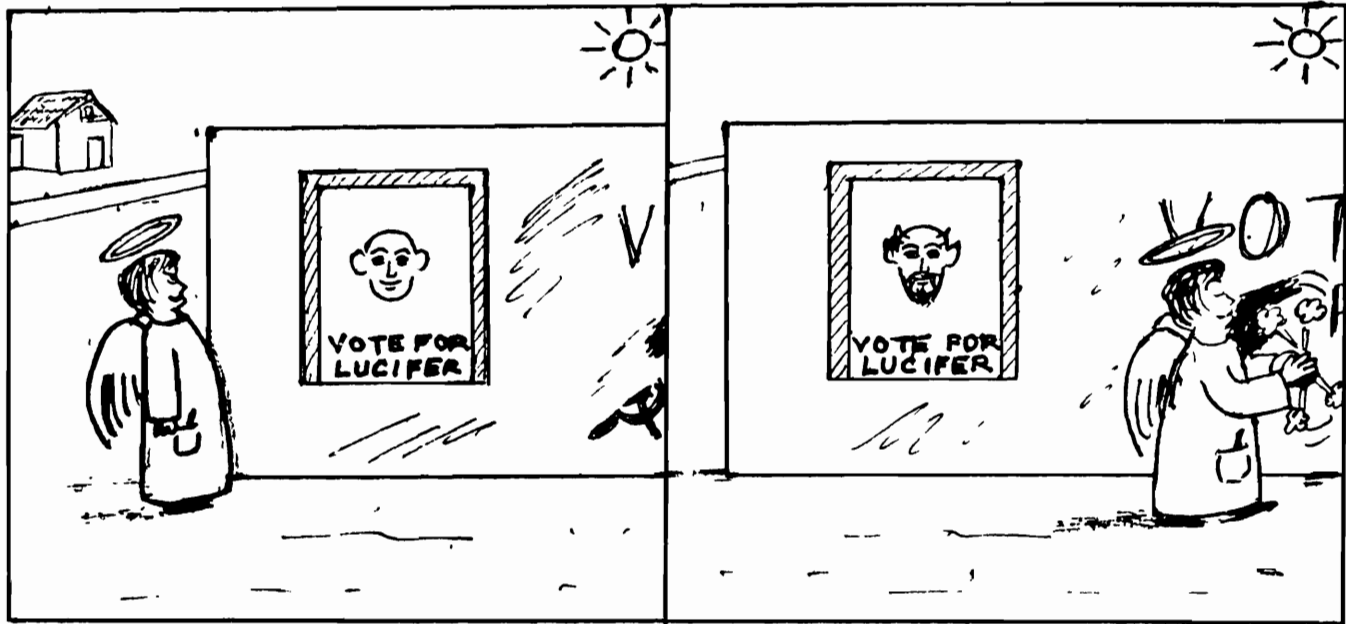
"OK, OK, forget it. I was just joking," I said hurriedly, having decided upon another attack. "Is he ... say, worried about the impending clash with Odin?"

Gabriel looked uneasy "Well, ye-es. Odin's propaganda dept. has already started putting out jokes and funny examples that make the old man look silly. Odin says it's all right to give one horse to your neighbour when you have two, but when you have only one horse, it's foolish to cut it in half and give away one of the pieces. Such examples, unfortunately, go down very well with the people. Anyway," he sighed, "there seems to be one redeeming feature. People seem to be soft hearted and don't like the idea of cutting a poor dumb animal in half ..."

"Especially not when one of the halves is going to someone else," I remarked drily, "So he's afraid of Odin, eh? I have an idea. I'll twist his arm right now. After the election, he'll be unreachable. If he doesn't do what we want, we won't vote for him, and as we always vote as a block, he could lose the election!"

"You and your population!" said Gabriel with disgust, "It's disgraceful!"

I grinned and placed a hand on the old man's doorknob. In gold letters were the words LORD JENOVAN G. ALMIGHTY. "Don't



call him by his first name !" hissed Gabriel, biting his finger nails, "He hates it !"

"I know, it's mentioned in his 10-point programme." I smiled reassuringly at him and opened the door.

I walked in with a confident air.

TEXT AND DRAWINGS

by

G.C. PRASAD

ADVERTISEMENT?

Campus residents who have contacts in companies which would like to advertise their products are requested to contact the undersigned to help in the sponsorship of the events to be held during Mardi Gras or Gerard Fischer to be conducted in the 2nd week of January.

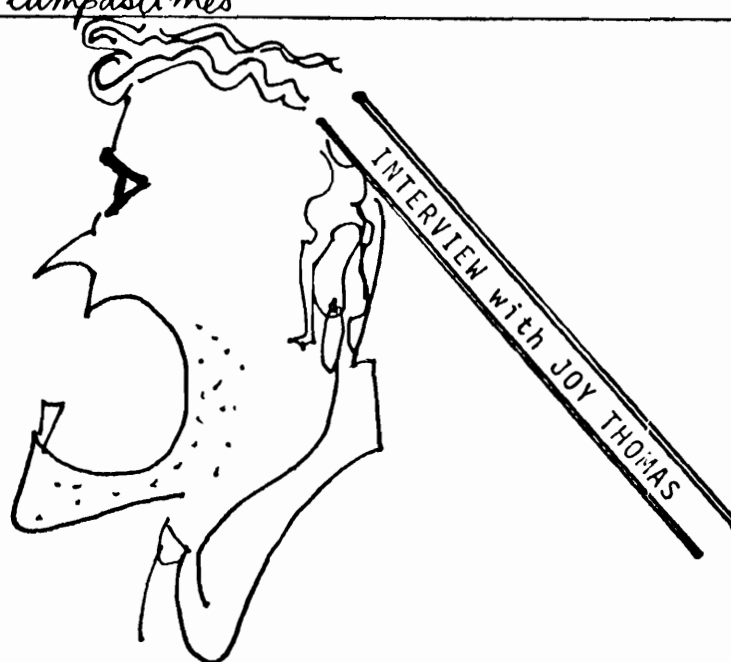
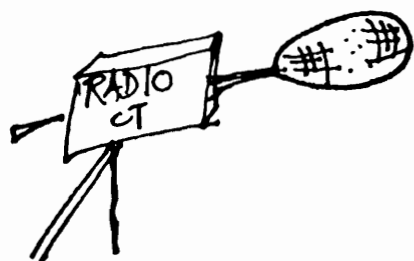
Gifts will be given to all those who can help us in this matter.

PLEASE CONTACT

VENKI - 232 GANGA

OR DUGGAL - 243 SARAS.

INTERVIEW



Joy Thomas was a rare bird. A quiet, unassuming guy, he combined excellence in academics with a high enthusiasm for and remarkable performances in Institute Cultural Events especially in the Quiz, Guess-word and Tintoretto. In the team events, where he combined with Kovoor, there was none who could hold a candle to him. Suresh Babu and Nagesh managed to corner him and wangle a brief interview for CT just before his departure for God's own country. Joy has some interesting things to say

- | | |
|----|--|
| CT | Looking back on your five years here, in what way do you think IIT has influenced you? |
| JT | Well, I enjoyed my stay here. There has been a tremendous change in ideas and a considerable expansion in general outlook since when I entered. As JEE first, there was a lot of pressure on me to produce good academic results but I felt that I could develop a healthy all-round personality by making full use of the facilities for extra-curricular activities provided in the campus. |
| CT | Don't you feel that students who show real interest in their work here are becoming more and more rare? |
| JT | Yeah ... Many students join the course because circumstances force them. Some of them, I think, will be much better off doing theoretical physics, maths etc. |
| CT | But after B.Tech, one can change one's field. The reason for losing interest seems to lie in the way we go about our course here. We do many subjects, learn a number of facts without understanding the proper connections. Hence, by the end many of us have a feeling of not having learnt anything substantial. |
| JT | Quite true. A proper perspective is lacking. The courses here don't go to the depth necessary. One of my professors once said that by the end of one's Ph.D. in Engg. one may not even know how a telephone works. |

CT *How does competition affect or help studies?*

JT *After the introduction of relative grading in my batch there was desperate mugging. When guys in my batch were in different parts of the hostel, each guy thought the others were studying all the time. Once we moved into the same wing, guys came to realise that it was not so. Too much of mugging doesn't help understanding. Many students don't know when to stop preparing for an exam. They keep on mugging till the last moment, going*

"...BY THE END OF ONE'S PH.D. IN ENGG. ONE MAY NOT EVEN KNOW HOW A TELEPHONE WORKS !"

over the same portions again and again.

CT *Many guys who attend classes say they don't get anything out of them. What is your experience regarding this?*

JT *There are good teachers and bad teachers. In the classes I used to attend, I listened carefully and managed to understand most of the things in the class itself. That is how I could find time for extra-curricular activities.*

CT *What do you feel is the reason behind the general decline in interest in extra-curricular events?*

JT *I cannot say what the exact reason is. But, the decline is clearly seen. Our seniors were a lot more enthusiastic and in my first year, CLT used to be full for every event. Guys do have a lot of enthu when they come. Once inside, they seem to think that only grades matter. They have to realise that there are other things which make one a better person than mere grades.*

CT *(CT getting snooty with JT). As William James said, human-beings tend to live too far within self-imposed limits. Your example may help guys see that one doesn't have to sacrifice extra-curricular activities to do well in academics.*

JT *They have to see that what they sacrifice is sometimes more valuable than what is gained through the sacrifice.*

CT *Why do you think guys don't like to join Indian industry?*

JT *We don't come to have any experience of Indian industry. We have only a distorted view of our industry. We only hear of what is wrong with our industry whereas we don't care to see whether there is anything wrong with American industry.*

CT *Do you feel that our education can be made more relevant to the Indian situation ?*

" NOT ONLY IS THERE NO DESIRE TO CHANGE, THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE EVEN, OF WHAT IS GOING ON OUTSIDE. THERE IS A TOTAL LACK OF CONCERN ... I WONDER WHETHER OUR COUNTRY CAN AFFORD OUR STUDENTS INTERNATIONAL OUTLOOK ! "

- JT First of all, I feel that higher academic institutions like this must be free from the immediate problems of the society. But, presently we are not dealing with the Indian situation at all. Industrial training can help us get a better view of our industry.
- CT Most of the students here seem to think that the ways of the society are unchangeable - that we can only accept.
- JT It is quite true. Not only that there is no desire to change, there is no knowledge of what is going on outside. There is a total lack of concern for the problems. They don't consider themselves bound to India. They have a very international outlook. But I wonder whether our country can afford that !
- CT Don't we have to be very thankful that a poor country like ours has been able to give us an education of international standards ?
- JT Feeling grateful is quite O.K. But I don't know whether we can force students to stay back and serve the country
- CT Your future plans?
- JT I'll do my M.S. and Ph.D at Stanford. After teaching in U.S. for a few years, I plan to come back to join the faculty of an institution like IIT.

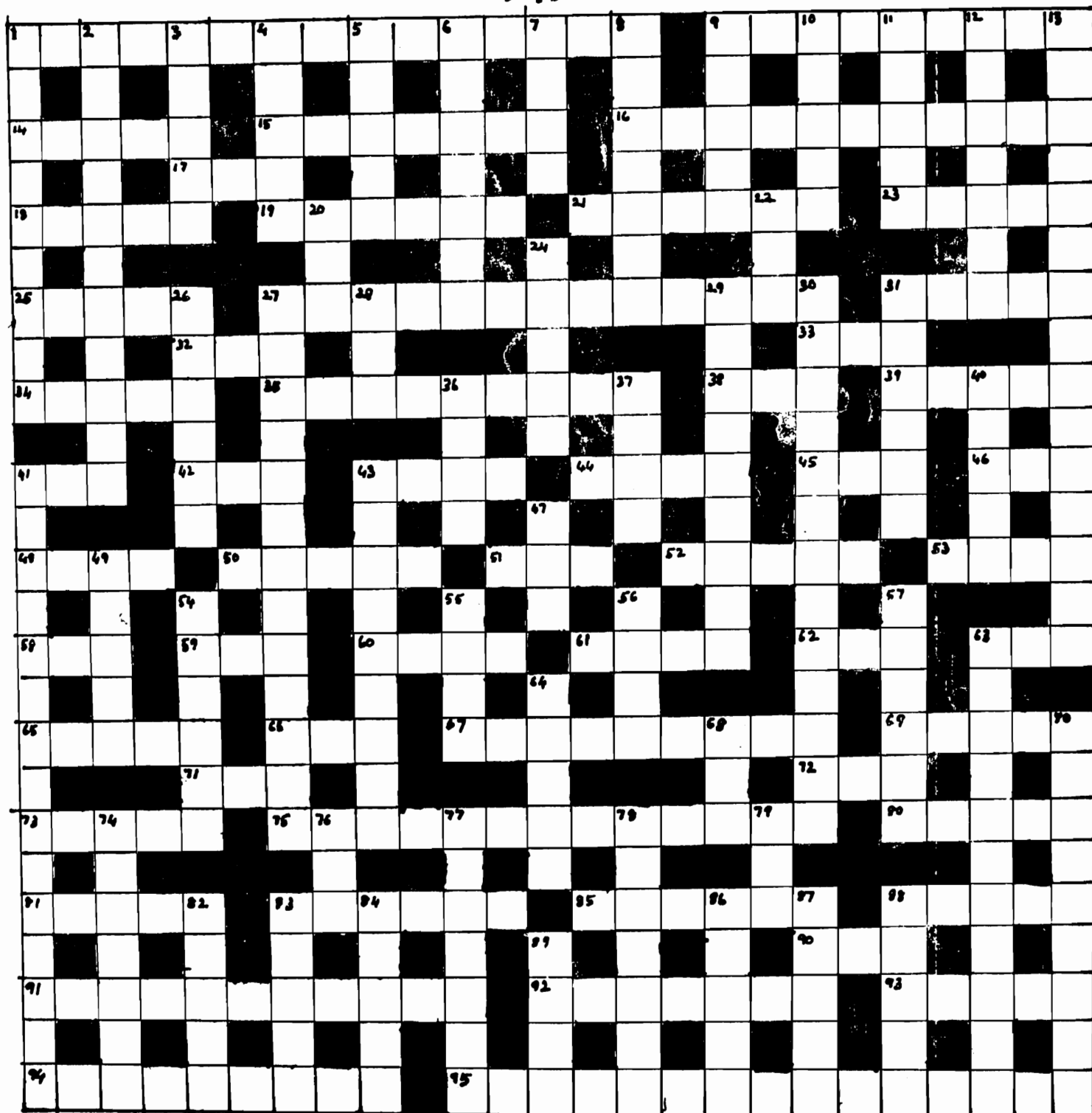
A flea bite from our P.T. book

A fly & a flea,
Were trapped in a flue,
'Let's flee', said the fly,
'Let's fly', said the flea,
So they flew through a
flaw in the flue !

Heard about the dog who
went to a flea circus ?
- - - He stole the show !

- Q. What did one flea say to the other ?
A. Shall we walk or take a dog ?

The great Campas Times Monster Crossword



Here is a chance for all you crossword buffs
to get your teeth into something really solid.
For those of you, who haven't discovered, as yet,
the pure pleasure of this pastime, we have some
simple clues to get you started....

CLUES

ACROSS:

1. An excellent plan sent perhaps to the managers. (15)
9. A writer with no points may be broke. (9).
14. Looks listlessly at the heavenly bodies (5).
15. Water tank seen when a no. of Romans are rigid (7).
16. Exert a bad influence on inmate perhaps, and destroy him (11).
17. Animal up a kleptomaniac's sleeve! (3).
18. Springs up and rings perhaps (5).
19. An unhappy person? No, he is just the opposite (6).
21. Checks the growth of aerobatics for example (6).
23. Scientist, noted in a reign perhaps (5).
25. Coach a number of coaches (5).
27. Do this and a Greek can read out Latin for instance (13).
31. Spiteful, feline in a way (5).
32. Anger stemming from fire in one's heart (3).
33. Tree with soft thick hair, we hear (3).
34. Sharp taste of spoilt gin, down a street (5).
35. Many omit the right thing when married (9).
38. Lout, found in a loaf of bread (3).
39. A letter, which could be dropped in a manner of speaking (5).
41. Two poles following a girl (3).
42. Poetically speaking, before an organ we hear (3).
43. Pointlessly reveal an exhibition (4).
44. Gambol on a silent snow shoe maybe (4).
45. Rest in peace and tear apart (3).
46. Substitute coming up as a means of transport (3).

DOWN:

1. Feigns the appearance of alum rising in locations (9).
2. A poor infant shatters the act of an iconoclast (11).
3. Life may not be a bed of sores? (5).
4. Sticking them out may result in a painful experience (5).
5. Lightened the burden off a seed perhaps (5).
6. Dons garments (7).
7. & 61 AC. One may bowl them over in such a game (4,4).
8. A haunting fear of a quiet secret being revealed (7).
9. No tip is blunt on a spike (5).
11. Frozen in one fine way (2,3).
12. Decoration for an alien, trailing a pule perhaps (7).
13. An ox near heavenly bodies may aid navigation (5,2,3,5).
20. This force is used in defense (3).
22. Add a tiny one (3).
24. One snob could enrage this brute (5).
26. A black who is stingy, we hear (6).
27. Treat a state of mind which changes moods quickly (13).
28. It maybe a white one, or an eater (3).
29. Paul and Hilda initially are in a feeling of love, which is formless (9).
30. What a chemist felt, when he saw a bubbling activity (13).
31. Many storms could result in such a discomfort (6).
36. A politician's little devils (4).
37. Your passing under it may mean an acceptance of defeat (4).
40. A first class piece of bone—perhaps below the bender (5).
41. Cannibals may be this to defend themselves. (5,2,3,5).
43. Note the inert worker who amuses. (9)

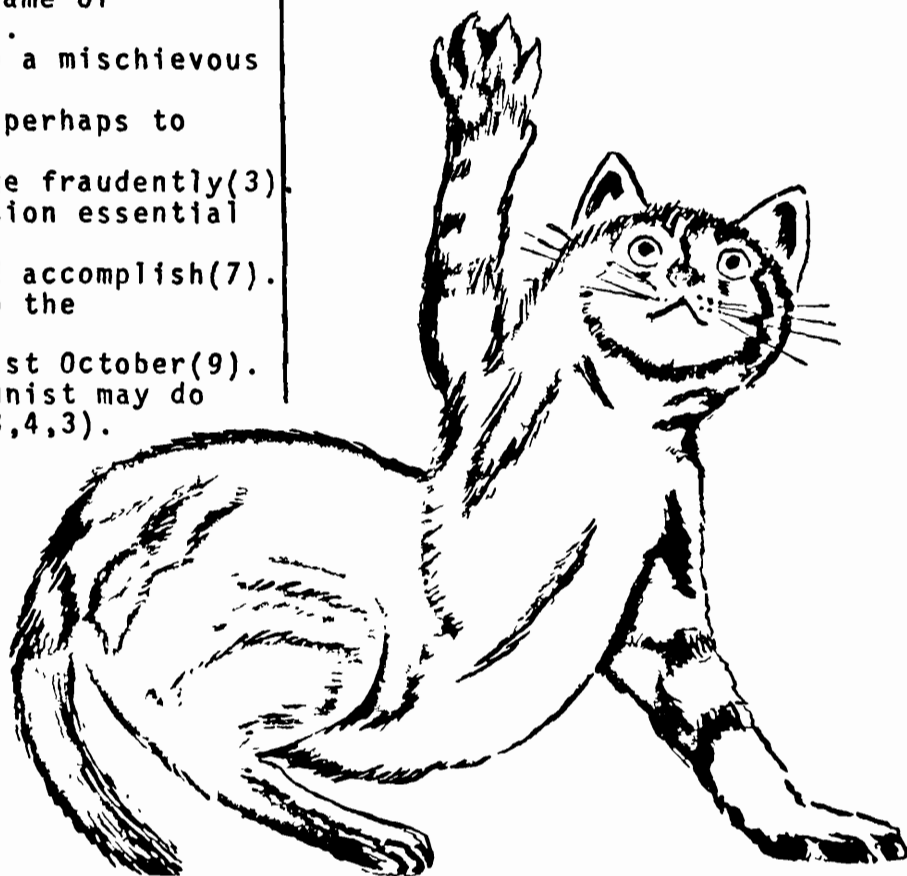
ACROSS:

48. Spice used by many an expert(4).
50. Pastries, could be acidic in nature (5).
51. Six orient rivals compete with each other (3).
52. Crafts which stay afloat (5).
53. Information arising out of a letter in the modern era perhaps(4).
58. Fish out a physician in short.(3).
59. It is harmless when it is white(3).
60. Hoarfrost seen in a grim encounter (4).
61. See 7 down.
62. It may be found in a park (3).
63. Vegetable found in cosmopolitan cities (3).
65. Tuber on a charged particle? (5).
66. An alien perhaps, may be found in a bag or in a pot (3).
67. Put one's foot on a plain Mafia chief! (7,2).
69. Yearned to fasten a journalist(5).
71. A hundred and two ducks murmur softly (3).
72. She is found in the van(3).
73. They could be hitched for free rides (5).
75. What one ten pointer told the other, we hear! (4,4,2,3).
80. Hang it! There is nothing in a fall (5).
81. Choose badly, I see a subject for discussion (5).
83. They are seen in a game of hockey or in a match (6).
85. Pass on the skill to a mischievous child (6).
88. Passage way to sail perhaps to the orient. (5).
90. Supply with, to manage fraudently(3).
91. The drive and direction essential to manage firms (11).
92. Have ice perhaps and accomplish(7).
93. Sly looks right into the shelters (5).
94. Say hello anew on 31st October(9).
95. This is what a communist may do when he freaks out! (5,3,4,3).

DOWN:

47. By way of a number perhaps (3).
49. Plants mostly found in ransacked attics (5).
54. Fliers in silent roads (6).
55. Plans perhaps in current use (4).
56. One in Research 'n Development of the skin (4).
57. Drop it on a camera support (6).
63. This expert had a bad issue with Jimbo (11).
64. Wooden smiles (5).
- 68 & 74 down. A red book (3,7).
70. Is saddened by an evening job indeed! (9).
74. See 68 down.
76. Frequent, in short (3).
77. Camera shots over? (5,2).
78. An alien following a young women could be a young girl (7).
79. An organ with a drum in it (3).
82. An Oscar lost? He may be involved in the theft (5).
83. Roll on a pointed egg! (5).
84. Ben is a well known Norwegian(5)-
86. What a shame, getting entangled in a net! (1,4).
87. Tat about regarding a feast (5)-
88. A gallow mostly, set on fire(5).
89. Is upset as it is a custom (4).

(Solution on page 31)



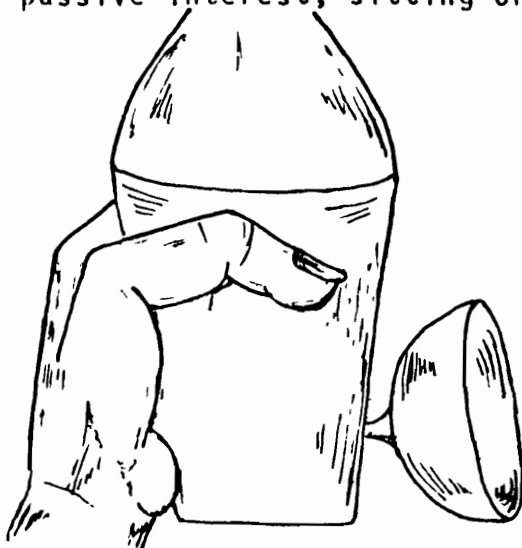
Banker and Jeweller

No, not a single one of them had any trace of sympathy. Each and every pair of eyes gazed lustfully as he tugged at her blouse. With all her might, she held on. She was not afraid of being stripped in public, but of losing her silver necklace. It was her only possession, save this drunkard-husband and their three half-starved kids.

Her face was once beautiful, but suffering, had drained it of all its radiance. He showered a series of blows on her but she made no attempt to protect herself. Her sari had nearly fallen to the ground but she made no attempt to wrap it around herself. As she stood there half naked, clutching doggedly at a few grams of silver, she narrated a tale not uncommon in this blessed land of ours.

A couple of policemen appeared on the street..a flicker of hope.. She shouted for help but they did not seem to hear her. As if totally unaware of this incident they calmly walked down a bylane, their eyes unseeing.

The 'Banker and Jeweller' in front of whose shop all this commotion was going on, was watching the scene with passive interest, sitting on the



P. J
column

On his very first visit, a cannibal was diagnosed by his psychiatrist: 'You are fed up with people!'

On entering the restaurant, the young man asked the waiter: 'Do you serve crabs here?'
Waiter: 'We serve anybody, Sir.'

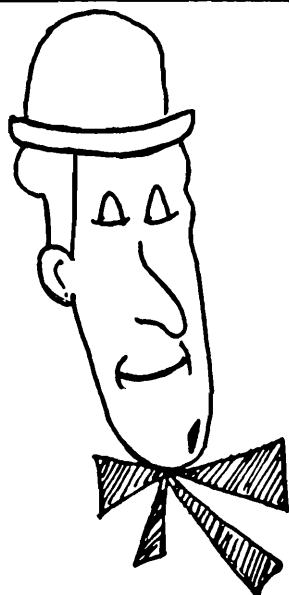
P. J
column

comfortable mattress. Suddenly he lifted his massive bulk and coming out, he yelled at the man 'Get out of here'. The drunkard stared uncertainly at him. 'I said get out of here. Fight at home if you want to. Come here only if you have business to transact'. He was not one to allow a drunkard and his wife to ruin his days business.

The drunkard made an obscene gesture in the fat jewellers direction, took two steps and fell on his face in the dry dust. With a patience born out of weariness and exhaustion, the woman lifted him to his feet, and slowly transported him to the shade of an old shop verandah. She returned to pick up her fallen cloth bundle. The fat shopkeeper was still watching her, his arms folded snugly over his warm paunch.

She looked at him once, without hatred, and continued to walk down the long road home, her head high and shoulders straight. It was a hot afternoon.

By Kaushik Bhattacharya



Love & Popcorn

I saw you first
At the popcorn stall.
You were hopping mad,
But so darn small.
You were tackling
That packet mighty fast,
And enjoying the treat
To the salty last.

But the man was making
An awful racket;
Quite naturally cuz you
Hadn't bought the packet.
But your eyes flared
With battle light
Though you were tiny girl
You made a pretty sight.

He advanced with purpose —
His first clenched tight,
My wee dove,
He'd have knocked you outasite.
But I was there—
The knight of the day;
And knew precisely where
My obligations lay.

With rolled up sleeves
I took up the gauntlet.
You glanced up in fear
And 'voilà' our eyes met.
Your dainty heart thumped,
And I felt you pray.
With a swift fifty paise
I saved the day.

I was big and you small,
I was tall and you round.
But hand in hand,
We stood our ground.
And that was the day
Our marriage was born;
As we shared the popcorn
Corn by corn.

Q. Why did the elephant get a massive telephone bill ?
A. Because it made a lot of trunk calls.

Sketch by Mallikarjun



LOOK!

Look at these eyes!
These little pots of molten goodness
With the vapour of innocence.

These were your eyes once,
Fifteen years ago!

You no longer use them to look for
people you could care for.

Rather

.... Perusal through LIBRARY books.
- With an occasional stare through
A 'STRANGER'.

... Look into my eyes,
- Even at the LIBRARY

I STILL LOOK FOR YOU!

- Rajat. M.

Mallik
14/10/82

COLUMN:

by tee square

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The fact that Campastimes published my last piece of obscurantism is clear evidence of declining standards in campus journalism.* They even went out of their way to preface it with unfounded aspersions regarding my past character. Since neither allegations nor denials register on today's public consciousness let me pass on to other things.

The cover of the last issue attracted my attention, evoking memories of adventure stories featuring pirate ships on the Spanish Main. On perusing the editorial I couldn't help chuckling at the nautical confusion afflicting the editors. By way of splitting hairs let me point out that the stately galleon in full sail and bristling with cannon is of rather recent vintage compared to the oar-powered sail-assisted galleys of Phoenician or Roman times. The 'pretty neat' explanation for the missing oars is misplaced by a few centuries! Note the absence of oar-holes as well. Further criticism can be left to the naval architects. But for all that, the point made by the editors is well taken, namely that the ship in question lacks something, be it rudder, or crew, or passengers, or cargo, or ballast, or wind, or destination, or aught else I know not.

Regarding the general complaint of lack of contributions, is it just a matter of available talent being diffused over too many campus publications? The logic of having three different rags featuring the same kind of student writing is not evident at least today, whatever their origins might have been. A lot of effort is getting duplicated, and even without any first hand experience I am prepared to believe that bringing out a paper can be a thankless and frustrating job.

I won't attempt any comparison of Campastimes then and now. My memory suggests that the paper in the 60's was more substantial by way of volume and range of entries. If there is a complaint today about lack of student response, necessitating plagiarizing back issues, what could the possible reasons be?

- influence of television or video?
- emphasis on computer literacy at the expense of verbal literacy?
- preoccupation with the academic rat race?
- an increasingly competitive admission procedure eliminating the traits needed for creative verbal expression?
- apathy traceable to any of the frustrations of campus life?
- a dominance of sometimes obscure campus humour and terminology which may put off a prospective writer not fluent in that kind of lingo?
- or a genuine decline in talent (for which I see no reason)?

* Modesty, Thy name is T^2 - EDS.

of
then
and
now
and
reasons
why
- EDS

After all, this is a student paper and only student contributions can keep it alive. I have merely phrased some questions, not expecting any answers but hoping to generate some thought. If some more and varied contributions are not forthcoming voluntarily, it reduces the incentive for bringing out the paper at all.

And now for other campus matters. One aspect of campus life which jars an old-timer's sensibilities is the amazing plethora of committees and reports and counsellors and meetings and deans and councils and what not which have sprouted in the meantime. There is an impression created of student involvement in various matters. However, I just can't buy the theory that a nominal student presence at a meeting makes the student body at large even marginally responsible for or agreeable to the decisions taken. Considering the type of student who can ever get in here, and the pressures on him to achieve (by conformity, obedience and blind acceptance) it is impossible for any representatives to organise a meaningful and consensus approach to the various issues which come up, and study all their implications.

My comments are based entirely on some exchanges which appeared in Focus and some notices which caught my attention. I found it rather pathetic that student representatives should actually apologise (A communication gap - Focus, Vol 6, No 2) for the lack of continuity in the the student response from one year to the next. It is understood that the individual student is present here for a limited time and commands limited organisational facilities, whereas the committee game is traditionally played by old hands who are experienced in manipulating things. The dice are thus loaded anyway, and any student representative attempting to really do justice to his task

will have to make academic and other sacrifices. The opinion expressed here is a purely personal impression, my presence here being anyway quite untypical, rather like the quest described by Phaedrus and quoted in the last issue of Focus.

Academically, the principal change between then and now is the increase in complexity. I escaped before the semester system was introduced, and from what I have seen of the present conditions, it seems to me that one semester is not long enough to impart worthwhile instruction in any subject, what with the number of tests, exams and holidays which intervene. But maybe no one is interested in what is actually taught, when the emphasis is on grades and performance. The current grading system or systems are not yet clear to me, so I cannot comment.

If I go on to the subject of the quality of teaching then and now, I am obviously treading on dangerous ground, since most of the faculty from that era are still around today. I certainly had many good teachers, but many more disappointing ones, considering that I expected a generally high standard from the IIT. Unfortunately the quality control apparatus is only applicable to student admissions. I suppose things are much the same today, there being no evidence of or any particular reason for a significant improvement or decline in teaching standards. I cannot resist quoting by name one of my good teachers, who has long since left. The Professor in question was Dr.-Ing. W. Scheer who taught us turbomachines around 1967. His systematic presentation of a rather complex and diffuse subject was really creditable. In spite of his German-accented not-so-fluent English, his explanations brought the subject alive by simply appealing to engineering common sense. He spoke with authority, but devoid of any obscurity, and I can still recall his beautiful diagrams on the board and his actions and manner of expression. Such teachers are rare, and I am grateful for having had at least one. He taught me much more than turbomachines, which is a subject I have had little

to do with anyway since then.

One more feature of campus life I might take a dig at is the 'information' explosion. We have a vast number of notice boards on the campus, many of them carrying irrelevant or obsolete material. It would be nice if each board had an identifiable person responsible for ensuring that only necessary items remain on display. A table of current abbreviations would also help persons like me who can't figure out half the notices. After encountering at least three phenomena having the common name of SAC I just gave up. Some of the notices can surely be dispensed with or drastically shortened. A recent example was a letter from B to C, quoting verbatim a letter from A to B, all in chaste officialese replete with necessary action, etc., etc. Another message plastered up on every conceivable notice board informed the world that a student had been caught trying to steal a library book, and described the dire consequences with the obvious intention of deterring future like-minded criminals. The questions which occurred to me were whether some much more serious misdeed would have been similarly publicised (or hushed up), and what if the culprit had been a non-student? The notice by itself seems to imply that a) all students are potential book stealers, and b) book stealing is the only crime on campus.

Having tilted at a sufficient number of windmills for the present, I am ready to change course altogether and pay a visit to ancient Greece. Anyone intersted? The circumstances are thus. After creating a character called Diogenes rather arbitrarily for the last issue, I became curious about his antecedents, and what follows is the result of my investigations in the library.

Diogenes of Sinope who lived roughly between 410 and 320 BC was one of the Greek philisophers. Though he was not the founder of the 'Cynic' school, he is the best known anyway, and referred to as

Diogenes the Cynic. The 'Stoics' were a later school who took their inspiration from the Cynics.

Authentic information about Diogenes is limited, but there are several popular stories about him. He was extremely sarcastic by nature, as a result of which his public nick name was 'the dog'. In fact the word cynic as we use it today is derived from the Greek words 'Kunikos' and 'Kuon' meaning doglike and dog respectively. He went against all social conventions, leading a vagabond's life and begging his food. He is reputed to have lived in a tub, renouncing all other material possessions. It is said that he owned a mug but gave it away after observing a boy drinking from cupped hands.

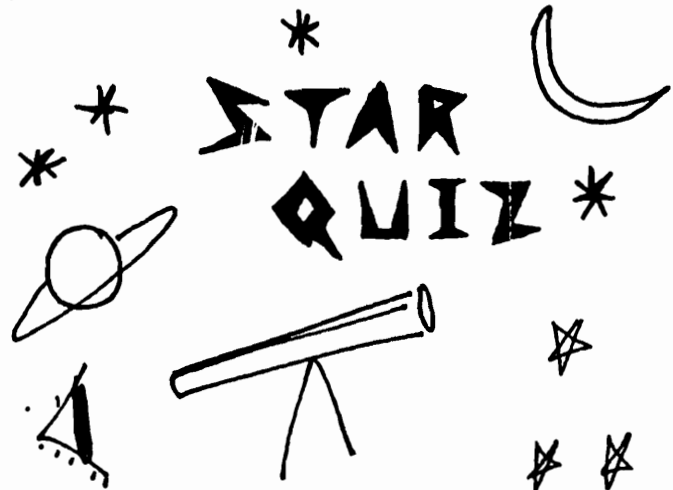
Diogenes would go about in the daytime with a lighted lamp, 'looking for an honest man' as he put it. Even Alexander the Great got a dose of his biting sarcasm. When the great commander asked Diogenes whether he could do anything for him, the Cynic retorted, 'Move aside. You are blocking my sunlight.' To which Alexander is supposed to have said, 'If Alexander were not Alexander, he would be Diogenes.'

The Cynics disregarded the laws and customs of organised society, and were self-appointed keepers of morality. In their restricted view however, any activity which did not harm others was moral. They did not go out of their way to preach any doctrine, but were content to show by the example of their own lives the insignificance of worldly possessions. They did not even suggest that others should follow their example. All the same they seem to have had plenty of disciples.

Evidently the Cynics were quite a crazy lot by our reckoning, and any of them around today would be assured of a one-way ticket to Kilpauk. But the remarkable feature of Greek Society was that they could not only tolerate such extreme specimens as Diogenes, but afford them or at least their views due respect. Or else we would not have known anything

at all about Diogenes today, let alone rank him as a philosopher.

And what is the point in my narrating all this here? Well, just that I found the story rather fascinating, though it may not cut much ice with the general crowd. It is also a gentle hint that anyone who finds anything at all of interest is welcome to write about it and share it with the rest of us. (Amen !! - Eds.)



1. What is the present age of the universe according to the Big-Bang theory? *
2. Which is the tallest mountain in the solar system? *
3. What is a cosmic year? *
4. What is 'LGM' and what caused the excitement generated by its discovery? *
5. When were the first messages meant for alien beings sent from the earth? *
6. It has been hypothesised from the perturbations of Pluto, that a yet undiscovered planet revolves around the sun beyond the orbit of Pluto. What is the name that has been suggested for this planet? *
7. How is the boundary of the solar system defined? *
8. What is the significance of the bright star that suddenly appeared in A.D. 1054 and which could be seen even in the day time? *
9. Which was the first major radio source (outside the solar system) to be discovered? *
10. In which zodiacal constellation does the centre of the milky way galaxy lie? *
11. Chandrasekhar's limit, which is equal to 1.44 solar masses, specifies the upper limit of the mass of a collapsing star which becomes a white dwarf. What is the corresponding upper limit for a neutron star? *
12. Which was the pole star before Polaris? *
13. Which will be the next Pole star after Polaris? *

(Solution on
page 29)

By
S. Srinivasan
&
K.R. Subramanian



The best years of our lives.

OR

(HORROR STORY: Biography Of an I.I.T.-ian - Eds)

The more cynical say memory is an imperfect recorder of events. They claim it notes down strictly what it pleases, and often what really never took place the way memory tells you it did. It is, however, the only way to recollect what might have happened, to any degree of accuracy. So let's take a trip down memory lane to when you were a hesitant, and perhaps somewhat defiant, newcomer to this Institute of National Importance (as our peers deem this spillover-out of degree-holders). You were then made to believe that you were 'the cream of the country'. The wise muttered that it wouldn't take too long for the cream to turn sour. 'What a damnable cliché!', you thought, and ignored it suitably. You were told that you would find opportunities in plenty - to excel in your chosen field of academic specialisation, to mould yourself into a thinking, responsible and self-reliant adult, and to equip yourself to face a vastly uncertain future. You'd made it to I.I.T., and you promised yourself the best years of your life in the days here.

You stepped into your first class, and walked out, feeling a little lost. Hey! The lectures at I.I.T. are supposed to be interesting. Maybe all of them wouldn't turn out to be so perfectly rotten Bloody right! They mostly turned out to be a whole lot worse.

On looking around a little, you discovered that there could be more to life at I.I.T. than plain swotting. Maybe you found you

enjoyed playing a game or two, you could sing, or do well on stage. Maybe you liked helping out with the organisational work around the campus or in the hostel. Of course you were enthusiastic about your new interest in the beginning. Not wildly enthusiastic, though - oh, no! *That* would never do for the cool guy image. And it was then you encountered the unbudging indifference of the world to you and your limited interests. It was a bitter pill to swallow at first, but if you didn't like it you still had to lump it.

That sealed the lid on your experiment with non-academic set-ups. There were always good times with the others to fall back on. They soon staled into not-so-good times, but if you didn't like even those, you had to pretend you did. You couldn't stop with yourself, for, human as you are, you love the sound of your own voice.

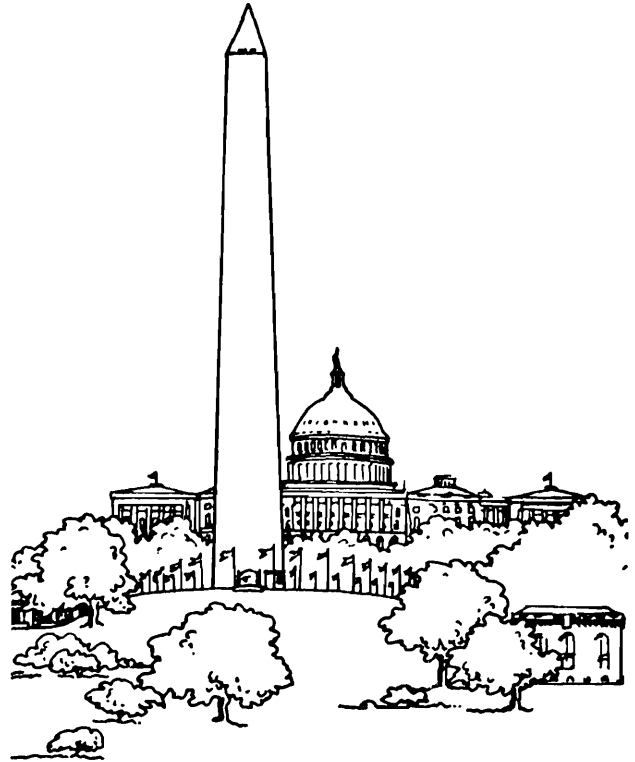
With little to do and lots of energy to spare, you returned to what you came here for in the first place - your work. Not the prescribed curriculum, for the subjects are insipid almost without exception, so how do you expect to find inspiration in that quarter? But to something you think will kindle your slumbering intellect with a spark of divine fire. You now say 'my project' or 'the computer, y' know', or 'such-and-such gimmick', with an air of sleek satisfaction, almost offensively smug. Yes, you're thoroughly involved, and you say it's for the

first time. I.I.T. isn't sooo... bad after all, huh?

And yet, you wouldn't condescend to carve your niche in the edifice of time at I.I.T., would you? The place isn't *quite* good enough for that. You glance at it with the amused fondness you have for an old and well-used slipper, then gaze longingly at the greener pastures open to you. You've lived here awhile, learnt some, maybe laughed a lot and cried a little, and you are *still* looking to find the BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE in a misty future.

Well, to each his own.

BY SUKANYA RATHNAM



ECLIPSING THE COMMUNICATION GAP

The Colonel to the Major:

At nine O clock tomorrow there will be an eclipse of the Sun, something which does not occur everyday. Get the men to fall out in the Lal Bahadur Shastri Marg in their uniform so that they will see this rare phenomenon and I will explain it to them. In case of rain, we will not be able to see anything, then taken the men to the gym.

Major to the Captain:

By order of the Colonel, tomorrow at 9'0 clock there will be an eclipse of the Sun; if it rains you will not be able to see it from the LBSM, so then, in uniform, the eclipse of the Sun will take place in the gym, something that does not occur everyday.

Captain to Lieutenant:

By order of the Col, in uniform tomorrow at 9'0 clock in the morning the inaguration of the eclipse of the Sun will take place in the gym. The Colonel will give the order if it rains, then in the company street.

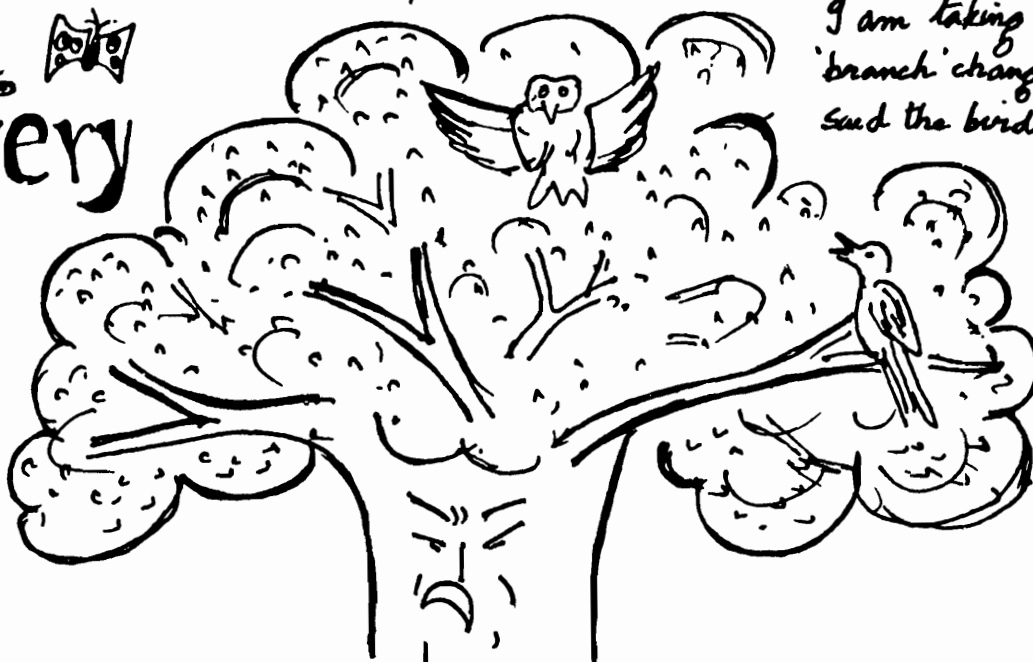
The Seargent to the Corporal:

Tomorrow at 9'0 clock in the morning the eclipse of the Colonel will take place by cause of the Sun. If it rains in the gym, something which does not take place everyday, you will fall out in the LBSM.

Comments among the Privates:

Tomorrow, if it rains, it looks as if the Sun will eclipse the Colonel in the gym. It is a shame that it does not occur everyday.

Flowerly talk



I am taking a
'branch' change,
said the bird ...

It was 15 minutes past nine, and yet the meeting had not begun. The chairman, a large begonia bush, had in his impatience pulled out most of his flowers and was now absently plucking at the buds.

"What are you doing to yourself?" screamed the lily. "you're going to pieces".

The Begonia pretended not to hear. At the far end of the Hall, a group of potted plants had just come in, and were immediately accosted by a flushed violet.

"Sorry, but you are not allowed to enter without a tie". One of the pots, an angry snapdragon, reared its head and threatened to strike the violet, which at this unexpected display of violence, shrank.

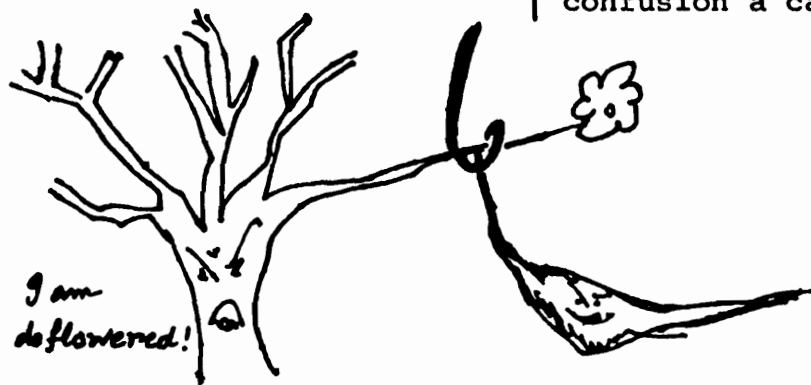
The Chairman hurriedly mounted the Bean podium, and began his speech.

"Distinguished Flowers and learned Plants". One sage brush gave another a quietly dignified nod. "Does that address include me", a small cherry tree wondered aloud.

"Silence" the Chairman roared, and the cherry tree reddened. "My friends", the Chairman began again. "We have assembled here today to discuss in an amicable fashion, the issue of who will govern the plant kingdom", and he paused to wipe his glasses.

"It is my firm opinion that the honour should go to the most becoming of us, and therefore let me present our new ruler". He made a mock bow and the svelte lily rose from the warm manured comfort of his pot.

The house came down in a tumult of undignified disapproval. In the confusion a careless bougainvillea



EEK! I am
being deflowered!

who was climbing up to get a better view, knocked down the bright tulip bulbs and everything was plunged into sudden darkness.

The frenzied plants began slinging mud at one another. An orchid screamed that it needed help and that it was being deflowered. No one seemed to notice.

Two strawberries who had been sleeping all the while, stirred from their beds, peered into the darkness, blinked and went back to sleep.

When the bulbs were up again, the hall was in dreadful shambles.

Everyone on the platform had fled.

The tigerlily growled at the sundew which had just disgorged the chewed up remains of a fly onto his bright coat. Unperturbed the sundew spat another fly at the livid plant and calmly proceeded to eat in a careful fashion, the fly, tigerlily and all. Two terrified buttercups who had just watched this gory debacle, quickly melted away.

A bladderwort was heard enquiring where the john was and could anyone lead him there.

The hall was emptied soon as the Hemlock hurriedly left after exchanging poisonous glances with the Ivy to whom he had just lost a battle of wits.

The only ones now left were the strawberries who continued to sleep unmindful of all, and a couple of angry puffballs, quite unable to find their feet in the wreckage.

By Roy Mathew



DAFFYNITIONS

Low Neckline addict: Cleftomaniac

*Spendthrift : Man who turns his
heirs gray*

Post Office : Stamping ground

Tantrum : Pique performance

*Nudist camp : Place where nothing
goes on.*

Gardening : Remedial Weeding

Sleeping bag : Nap Sack

Sweater jokes : Knit wit

*Intuition: The strange instict that
tells a woman she is right
whether she is or not.*

*Etiquette : Learning to yawn with
your mouth closed.*

*Poise : The art of raising the
eyebrows instead of the roof.*

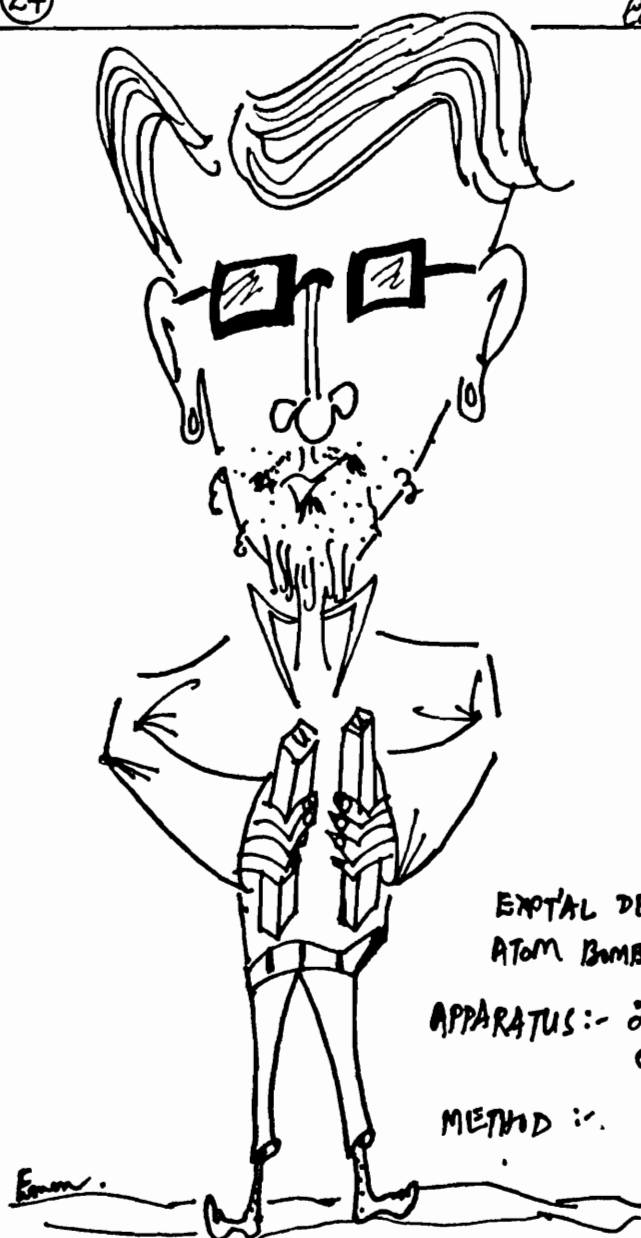
Caricature

LAXMINARAYAN

SRIDHAR

alias

LON



EXPTAL DETERMINATION OF THE CRITICAL MASS OF THE
ATOM BOMB, PROPOSED BY 'LON'

APPARATUS:- 2 BARS OF URANIUM, EACH LESS THAN THE
CRITICAL MASS, DESERT / OCEAN

METHOD :- TOUCH THE 2 BARS. DOES ANYTHING HAPPEN?
IF IT DOES, RUN...

Lon started his career in IIT on a blazing note.

He tried to set fire to the Chemistry Lab.!

Lon tried hard of course. No fault of his that the shelves didn't burn. It was one of those experiments where you have to mix some yellow stuff with some green mush, in a test tube the size of half a chalk-piece, add other odds and ends, expose to some foul smelling vapours and finally obtain the prescribed pink precipitate with orange spots to get your walking papers. It had been selected as the first experiment especially in view of

its harmlessness. As you see, no scope for disaster at any stage. And so the Chemistry Dept. Brass Hats thought too. Till Lon tried his hand at it.

Midway through the proceeding a minor explosion rocked the lab and when the plaster had ceased falling, a dazed Lon stood gaping at the test tube holder with the severed head of the tube attached, and on the black shelf near him, a small fire that showed promising signs of bigger achievements licked away merrily. The slave drivers having retired previously, we all gathered around, holding our collective breath (saving the oxygen for the blaze, you see,

every bit helps) when Mahesh spoilt it all by seizing a mat and beating the fire furiously with it. It was too late to stop him and he defended his mad action later on the flimsy ground that it was not the shelf but his bag with a calci inside it which was burning ! I ask you ! Lon had done all he could and a fat lot of use that was if every guy was to jaw about sacrificing his moldy calci for fuel . What would Napoleon have said, eh, if his Generals had refused to venture into the battle field, complaining their uniforms might get crumpled or soiled ?

In future experiments, we kept a respectful distance from Lon, rather like the guys must have kept from the chap who, a lump of uranium in either hand was experimentally trying to arrive at the critical mass for the atom bomb .

But it was in Engineering Drawing that Lon surpassed himself. He is Engg. Drg.'s Salvadore Dali ! At the end of one semester, two instructors resigned and a third put himself in the hands of a psychiatrist. What Lon could do with a virgin white drawing sheet and a pencil with an invisible point (gifted to him on the happy occasion of his first birthday) would have had Picasso screaming with joy had that gentleman but seen it . When Lon handed in his first assignment, the instructor at first thought he was submitting the black backing sheet !

An unusual feature of Lon's drawings that had everybody guessing for a long time was the appearance of a number of 50 paise coin size holes at random spots on the sheet. A lot of speculation as to their origin was occasioned but nobody could even begin to guess at the truth till Lon explained that they were the handiwork of his obstinate compass when he tried to make it draw circles.

If there was one thing more unique than his art in those days, it was his mechanical sense, a convincing demonstration of which he

gave in the end sem. drawing exam, where he reached new heights : given the six parts of a vice in the assembly drawing, Lon came up with the Eiffel Tower.

Lon actually thought of taking a branch change to Mechanical Engg. but being a magnanimous guy at heart, ditched when that Dept. begged him to give it a break. Even though he has a genius for disaster he is an altruist and constantly worries about the peace and welfare of mankind. This can be seen from the fact that though he had initially decided to specialise in Nuclear Reactor Chemical Engg., he is now having second thoughts as folks keep telling him that, given his skill, his entry into such a field would drastically prepone World War III.

Lon is also an avid sportsman. Long distance running is his speciality. His speed is admittedly poor but the guy has fantastic stamina. Like for instance in a one day athletic meet held recently Lon entered the 5000 mtrs. race and came first in the women's slow cycling race, the last race for the afternoon !

Lon's good intentions are often misunderstood. One early morning, about five, our hero, after a sleepless night (It is important



to note here that Lon after one sleepless night looks like Woody Allen after three sleepless nights) was jogging along merrily in the staff sector when his keen eyes spotted a lady riding a bike some distance ahead. Now Lon realises that every chance not utilised in promoting staff-student interaction is a chance wasted. So he accelerated smoothly, caught up and began running alongside. So far so good. Then Lon did a ghastly thing. He grinned at her.

In Dale Carnegie's 'Certain Do's And Don'ts When You Are In The Presence Of The Fair Sex', you will find the instruction: When you have spent a sleepless night and haven't brushed your teeth, never, on any account, bare your fangs at a lady at five in the morning' heading the list of Don'ts.

Lon found out what happens when you do. The heroine here took one horrified look and began pedalling madly down the road.

Lon assumed she was spurring him on to greater efforts. He took up the gauntlet and after much huffing and puffing, was cruising alongside once again. He turned to her and gasped 'Ma'am, ma'am, you cut a very good pace' when, much to his mystification and chagrin, the female swerved like a mad woman and disappeared in a flash down a bylane. Lon was thoroughly cheesed off. 'Maybe, I am no Valentino', quoth he, 'but, dammit, I am at least human', which view would be contested hotly by his wingmate Shyam, the local expert in zoology. Guys who mention staff-student interaction in his presence now do so at grave peril to themselves.

The first thing that strikes you as you enter Lon's room is the table. And as you rub your smarting abdomen, you have to keep a sharp lookout to avoid impaling yourself on the edge of the cot or knocking yourself out silly on the bookshelf protruding over the door, all of which have been strategically aimed at the entrance to ensure Lon maximum privacy.

Lon is a guy who makes his

presence felt and the Chemical Engg. Dept. will be the poorer without him (though richer in functioning chemical equipment, test-tubes etc., so that balances things out, I suppose) when he leaves at the end of this sem.

The more colourful episodes in Lon's life will, alas, have to be denied to Campastimes and its eager readers so that his autobiography, should he ever get down to writing it, does not suffer the charge of a twice told tale. But an inkling of the gaudiness of this colour can be had from the latest episode about him. The story is, should you for some strange reason doubt it, absolutely true.

On an auspicious morning recently, Lon made a pilgrimage to the bathroom to have a bath. He shed his clothes, turned on the shower full blast and commenced soaping himself vigorously. He scrubbed and he rubbed and he rubbed and he scrubbed and after twenty minutes of this energetic activity what should he see what should he see but the skin on his chest and back begin to peel off !!

The horrible truth dawned on Lon.

He could scarcely believe his eyes ! He had been wearing a baniyan all along !

By

EMM



Inner Matter and Outer World

Now that he faced death, the paper lay blank in front of him. It was as if he had nothing to write. He was surprised, for his constant fear had been that he would die before he could write down all that he wanted to tell the world.

He was not in anyway feeling comfortable in that small, dark cellar of a country-house. All through his life - first academic and then political - he had wished for a quiet retreat where he would have all his time and energy for peaceful contemplation. His early dream was to view life from a distance - not to get involved in it himself. He would have been perfectly content if he could sit at the top of the highest mountain on earth and just observe the world. He was so enchanted by life that he couldn't afford to miss any single detail of it.

He had no such lofty expectations when his friends advised him to go into hiding a few weeks before. But, he thought it would be a welcome change from the tumultuous scenes his life had come to witness of late. The Government was only waiting for an excuse to ban his party. And his friends were against taking any chances after he had had a miraculous escape from an attempt on his life.

The first few days in the cellar were really thrilling for him. He had a peculiar ability for visual imagery. He just had to close his eyes and visual images would flow in from all directions. Sometimes, these scenes used to be so unusual and beautiful that, as a youth, he

had been obsessed with the idea of developing techniques whereby he would be able to project these mental images on to a screen. It was this interest which had led him to the study of 'the science and philosophy of the mind', as he liked to define his area of work. He was so happy in the cellar that, at the end of the first week, he wrote in his notebook - 'I can live like this for years, confined to this room. My thoughts and my dreams will keep me company'. Writing was always a passion with him. In the excitement of youth he had written - 'For me, writing just follows thinking. It is the natural outcome of living and sometimes it seem to be more important than any other aspect of my being. It is like being able to do more than merely living. Non-writers can only live.' But, it was not long before he changed that opinion - 'Everytime I take my pen I do so with the hope of writing what I always wanted to write - that something, somewhere deep in my mind which has been craving for expression ever since I thought I could express myself. What I finally manage to put down is something very remote from the actual thing. Writing can only be a part of life.'

Life had always been immensely wonderful to him. Everything looked mysterious. He was so confident of his inner riches that he thought he required nothing from the external world. But, now things looked different. The unwholesome air and the pale darkness of the cellar started affecting him. Looking at the faint light of the candle, he felt very weak. His notebooks used

to be the best relaxation for him whenever he grew weary after long hours of work. Now in a bid to relive his past, he turned to his notebooks. 'Relive' is not correct because reading his notebook, sometimes he had found it difficult to identify himself with the writer. He had the explanation for this in his notebook - 'Each moment, I act according to the requirements of the matter within me. When the matter changes into another state, the trace of the previous state is lost. The various states of matter in one body may have only one thing in common - that which distinguishes a living body from a corpse.' His ideas of mind had sounded so complex to himself that he had not been surprised when his students had asked him if there couldn't be simple theories in psychology like those in physics and chemistry. His reply had not satisfied them when they first heard it - 'Thank God they are complex. Had they been as simple and straightforward as the laws of physics, men wouldn't have been very different from machines.' Sometimes he would go on - 'We've men saying that any man can be conditioned to do anything. It is like this - we can breed a number of horses such that all of them are equally weak and run slowly, and be proud that we conditioned them so. This is what we do with men also. In being conditioned, man doesn't reach the heights the matter within him is capable of.'

He had such hopes in the capability of man's growth that it was only natural that his attention turned to politics. But, being accustomed to a quiet academic life, the turbulence of political activity was not very congenial to him. Yet, he was determined to do justice to his inner calling. With extreme simplicity of life and non-violence as his watch-words, he plunged into intense activity. He had many sincere people working with him and slowly the organisation grew into a national movement. And then came the opposition from all the forces of the establishment.

He had felt immense power within

him, power to transform the world-when he was involved in activity. Now, when he sat alone in the cellar, he wondered whether he had been dreaming all these years. How could he be the leader with a nation wide following of whom the government itself had become afraid? Slowly he was getting tired of his notebooks too.

Now fear started growing upon him the fear of death. To die without achieving full growth was the saddest thing for him. As a youth he was obsessed with the fear of death and used to have dreams of murder. Of these one dream had impressed him very much and he had recorded it in his notebook -

'I saw myself lying in an open coffin, with my abdomen cut open and the internal organs pulled out. The coffin was lying in a street and I heard two passers-by talking - 'I wonder why anyone had to kill him. He was a harmless scientist of sorts.' Then I knew that I had been murdered and was lying there after the post-mortem. The thought occurred to me that I might be dying soon. I wanted someone to take down what I wanted to tell my relatives and friends. To my relief, I found my friend with a paper and pen standing near me. By then I became panicky. I was afraid that I would die before I could finish what I had to tell...'

He had called this dream 'beautiful' then. Now it looked horrible. Death seemed to be waiting to jump upon him from any side, any moment. Afraid of the deadly silence that enveloped him, he yearned for some sound, yearned for another's company. 'Oh - Nisha, how right you are when you say that all life is an attempt to get rid of loneliness! I didn't know that. I had thought my thoughts would keep me company' - he despaired. (Nisha, his colleague at the university, was very fond of him and wanted to marry him. He too loved her but once in politics, he didn't like the idea of anyone sharing his dangerous life.)

Now when he closed his eyes, only violent scenes appeared. People

hitting their heads against rocks, men jumping into pools of hot lava, corpses being pulled out of the ground - enough, he couldn't stand them any longer. The sources of mental bliss had all dried up. It was as if death had already overcome him. To be insensitive to life was worse than death for him.

He couldn't endure to be a piece of wood. If he had to live, he had to be sensitive to the world and so without hesitating, he walked out of the cellar into the broad daylight of the outer world.

- Suresh Babu.

Quiz answers are usually printed upside down. In Campastimes they are printed right side up. This method, designed to save your neck from dislocation, is hereby patented by CT.

Answers To the Star Quiz

1. 15 billion years.
2. Mount Olympus Mons in Mars.
Height = 26 kms.
Base diameter = 550 kms.
3. It is the time taken by the sun and the rest of the solar system to complete one revolution around the centre of the Milky Way galaxy and is equal to 250 million years.
4. In 1968, the radio telescope at Cambridge, while searching for radio sources, received regular pulses of radio noise coming from a fixed point in space. The radio pulses were so regular, that it was thought that they might be signals from intelligent beings. The signals were later found to be coming from a pulsar which was named LGM1, short for Little Green Mass 1.
5. In 1974, humanity announced its presence to the universe. Using the 1000 foot radio telescope at Arecibo, astronomers beamed a coded message towards the Hercules cluster, M13. Estimated time of travel : 24000 years
6. Nemesis.
7. The boundary of the solar system is called the heliopause. It is the distance from the sun, where the outward pressure from the solar wind equals the pressure

- from the flow of interstellar wind.
8. The bright star, visible even in day time, that appeared in 1054 was a supernova which occurred in the constellation of Taurus. The force of the explosion caused stellar material to be ejected out with great velocities. Presently (as we see it) these ejected materials, which constitute the crab nebulae, are still moving outwards with speeds as high as 1000 Km/sec. The residual star is a fast spinning neutron star, commonly known as a pulsar. The time for formation of this neutron star after the 1054 explosion indicates that this is a very young n-star.
 9. Cygnus-A in the year 1946.
 10. Sagittarius.
 11. 3 Solar masses. This limit was discovered by Oppenheimer.
 12. Thuban in the constellation of Draco. This used to be the Pole star during ancient Egyptian times.
 13. 16000 years hence, Vega will become the Pole star. A fixed Pole star is not possible because of the earth's precession about its axis of rotation.

Impressions

This is not a review on Mrs. Angelika Sriram's dance on 27-9-84 in CLT. I am not qualified for that, though I can say that I was keenly interested, and judging from the response, many more were fascinated too.

Perhaps all art forms can be clubbed together as modes of expression. It is possible that each art-form develops its own characteristic features, some grotesque, some charming, some somewhere in between. One can go the whole hog and say that each practitioner of the selfsame art will cultivate his own gimmicks, idiosyncrasies and mannerisms which will pass under the more dignified name of 'style'. There is inherently nothing wrong in this, as it is consistent with the premise that art is a mode of expression.

Expressions, literally facial expressions, form a major part of Bharata Natyam. And it is obvious how facial expressions possess different meanings in different parts of the world. People shake their heads in a bewildering variety of translatory and rotatory movements to say 'yes', the world over. The same holds for 'no', and the crunch comes when one man's 'yes' is another's 'no'. Different people contract different facial muscles when they are angry, frightened, delighted, ecstatic, indifferent, in love, in hate, embarrassed or whatever. Still, there's a reasonable uniformity in the facial language used. Like, maybe smiling.

Many of you must have seen the



string of ape photographs (I don't mean the trio of Gandhian monkeys) showing them in various moods. The frightened ape has a grin on his face. This became more comprehensive when I read that the grin was a diplomatic gesture to show that one meant no harm.

What is the artist's quest in this welter of trivia? How does he conjure from these basics, epics on

despair, rage, playfulness and love? Do we sit there and lap it all up, or do we shriek, what is all this senseless hallucination?

Samuel Beckett wrote in French, to rid himself of any involuntary idiosyncratic effects that might surface had he written in English. The French thus have the luck to read works untrammelled by the blinding Muse of Style.

Maybe we can all have a shot at what certain things are about and what can be docketed as the accrual of local traditions, when artistes like Angelika come before the footlights. Which she did on the 27th Sept. With grace, energy and a transparent sensitivity.

I almost said, "The lady's got style."

- C-Thru

Words of Wisdom

*When the stomach is empty
the head will swallow
anything!*

*Variety is the spice of life, but monotony provokes the
groceries.*

*I am not afraid of dying! I just don't want to
be there when it happens!*

ANSWERS TO OUR MONSTER CROSSWORD

ACROSS:

1. Superintendents 9. Penniless
14. Moons 15. Cistern
16. Exterminates 17. Elk 18. Leaps
19. Saddist 21. Stunts 23. Euler
25. Train 27. Transliterate
31. Catty 32. Ire 33. Ear
34. Sting 35. Matrimony 38. Oaf
39. Aitch 41. Ann 42. Ere
43. Expo 44. Skip 45. Rip 46. Bus
48. Mace 50. Tarts 51. Vie
52. Hover 53. Data 58. Doc
59. Lie 60. Rime 61. Pins 62. Car
63. Cos 66. Tea 67. Stepped on
69. Pined 71. Eva 72. Coo 73. Hikes
75. Long time no see 80. Droop

81. Topic 83. Sticks 85. Impart
88. Aisle 90. Rig 91. Enterprises
92. Achieve 93. Leers 94. Halloween
95. Paint the town red.

DOWN:

1. Simulates 2. Profanation 3. Roses
4. Necks 5. Eased 6. Dresses
7. Nine 8. Spectre 9. Piton
10. Norms 11. In ice 12. Epaulet
13. Steer by the stars 20. Air
22. Tot 24. Bison 26. Nigger
27. Temperamental 28. Ant
29. Amorphous 30. Effervescence
31. Cramps 36. Imps 37. Yoke
40. Tibia 41. Armed to the teeth
43. Entertain 47. Via 49. Cacti
54. Planes 55. Amps 56. Rind
57. Tripod 63. Connoisseur
64. Beams 68. Das 70. Depressed
74. Kapital 76. Oft 77. Takes up
78. Nymphet 79. Ear 82. Carlo
83. Surge 84. Ibsen 86. A mesh
87. Treat 88. Aglow 89. Sati.

just beat it!

Dan makes a pretty good case for staying away from marriage. He doesn't speak from experience, of course, but he alleges that a married man is nothing but an odd job boy with sex privileges ! That is only one half of the story. The other half, dear Sarayu-ites, is upto you to supply ! Let not this slur on womanhood pass you by ! - Eds.

Men come in two broad classes - the marrying sort and the other, luckier sort. We have our share of both. The marrying chaps are those guys with sheepish, domesticated looks. They are responsible and get good grades, and may even go to the extent of submitting their lab reports on time. If you have these symptoms, beware !

If you are already 'fixed', brother, skip this article. You can take relief in the theory of rebirth, and might have better luck next time. The reason why there are so many married men is that they were given the wrong advice - by other married men, who wished to spread the disease. Misery seeks company, it is said. If, like the majority of IITians you are a sacrificial goat, but not yet sacrificed, read on carefully.

There is a popular myth that married life is bliss. A couple in love with each other and the world in a love rest, battling life together - taking joys and sorrows (if any), together until death do them part. This is the general scenario. In other words living in a manner typified in the 'Dettol Soap' or 'Himachal Pradesh Tourism' advertisements. (Note - in the process two kids result; for further details see 'Boost' add). Such canards are spread by misanthropes, who unfortunately, share the planet with us.

Just consider the single existence. You can remain unshaven

for prolonged periods, smoke in bed, drink in bed or wherever. In short, remain an IITian for ever. On the other hand you will have to 'caddy' for the little woman on her numerous shopping forays or help close the deal with the local milkman. And when the relatives come over (they won't, if you are single), it is a fate worse than death. Just imagine listening for hours to a matronly one say how bright her children are or how much jewelry she has had made for her daughter. Instead, how nice everything would have been if you could have played 'flash' with the boys amidst singing of ribald songs.

The next stage reads like a horror story. In a few years, invariably additions result. You will have to sit up half the night helplessly listening to screeching noises emanating from the new arrival; instead, you could sit up half the night and make screeching noises yourself.

Wouldn't you prefer to spend time predicting the Derby winner instead of having to look for school admission? Isn't it much better to have a stag level where the keenest humour and least prudish linericks surface instead of a staid, formal, mixed gathering. Even the 'choice' found in such binges isn't tempting enough.

Isn't it a far nobler thing to do, increasing the gross turnovers of various bars and restaurants, instead of plotting to get your daughter married? And setting

about to trap some unfortunate youngster.

Lastly, do you want to loose your hunting licence? The fun, they say, lies in the chase and not in the ultimate capture. Isn't variety the spice of life? Yes, Do you want to be the captain of your soul, the master of your destiny, the architect of your fate or ... or an odd job boy with sex privileges? Do you prefer wildness to domesticity; originality to conformity; freedom to bondage; bachelordom to marriage? The choice is yours.

- DAN

COLUMN:-

KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING

By Dr. PETER JUNK &
Dr. NORMAL LEWIS

BASTARD

This word, so dear to the IITian has its origin in the OLD FRENCH word Basta meaning Pack Saddle of a mule. The muleteers were renowned for leaving a lot of illegitimate children, wherever they went. Thus, the word meant, one who is casually born i.e. as on a packsaddle of a mule. The packsaddle of a mule was used as a make-shift bed by the muleteers.

ASSASSIN

In 1090, a man named Hassan, went into seclusion in a mountain in Jerusalem. He founded a sect of people, whose only mission was to use treachery and subterfuge in assassinating the Crusaders. Before going to assassinate, his followers used to dose themselves heavily with hashish. They were called hashshashin or eaters of hashish. From this, has the word Assassin descended. The sect was wiped out in 1272 by the Mongols.

POSH

In the 18th Century, passengers on ships sailing between Britain and India, often requested that their berths be "Port Outside Starboard Home". This ensured that they wouldn't feel the heat of the sun as much as the rest of the ship. The first letters of the phrase became POSH, denoting a passenger who could afford this luxury. Thus the word 'posh' came to mean luxurious or elegant surroundings or people in such surroundings.

L'affaire Visa (An illustration of desperation - Ed.)

There was activity in the air
Sobs had been written, recos taken,
Certificates xeroxed, dollar drafts purchased,
The aps were in the mail!

There was anxiety in the air,
Here a missing score report, there a lost transcript,
Your competitor is ditching: pay for his telegram;
Chalo Ad Block! It's time for the phone calls.

There was celebration in the air,
The aids were coming in,
Harvest's been good this time: let's celebrate,
Dinner at Chola, and never mind the prices!

There was mild surprise in the air,
Oh, dear! How annoying of the visa female,
To reject a person with full aid!
What is the world coming to, these days?

There was consternation in the air,
The grim news spread: reject count increasing!
The man-eating tigress had tasted blood,
And liked it: damn her soul! She was rejecting right & left.

There was terror in the air,
Through the length and breadth of the great city,
They spoke in whispers, behind bolted doors, late into
the night,

Of the man-eater's fiendish cunning.
There was terror in the air,
The sweet old lady: she'd smile at you- till the last moment,
Then with a roar she'd spring out of ambush,
And pin you to the ground, and stamp your passport.

There was terror in the air,
Sometimes she'd relax her vigil and let one thru,
The very next she'd attack ferociously,
Slay him in cold blood, lick her chops, and wait for more.

There was bitter anger in the air,
To spend thousands for applying - all to this end?
To land a top-notch univ and be balked? Wild-eyed schemes,
For assassination and worse, discussed and rejected.

There was a stirring of hope in the air,
There's a male officer now:

Spread the word: And rush for your visa,
The man-eater may return any moment.

There was urgency in the air,
Frantic phone calls to all stations,
Hasty mid-night trips in unreserved trains,
Q up for the visa, grab it: and you're through!

There was relief in the air,
The female stayed away two weeks,
Enough! For nimble IITians to crawl through,
America, here we come!

My sister and I
Went shopping
To buy Gods.
As God is not
Issued on a ration card
Or sent by VPP
We had to go
To the shop
At the corner.

Reverting I waited
With folded arms.
What else could
A class VIII dropout
Do?

My sister
Master of Arts
From a prominent convent
Run by Italians
Briskly went about
The Task.

She deftly examined
The statues,
Read prices
And asked
Which Gods were cheap
And which Gods fashionable.

How the God was bought

She finally said,
Pointing at Ganesha.
Give the Appu God,
He's cute.

I was overjoyed!
But her choice
Was one of plastic
Tagged at Rs.4.95
(Less discount 20%).

As our Gods were not in demand
They now made cheap editions.

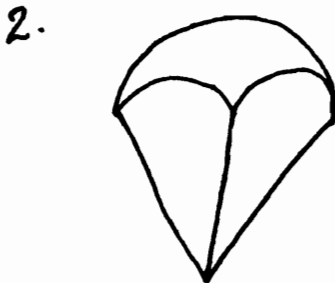
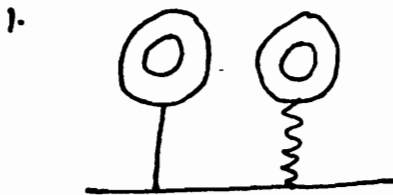
An apt choice, I mused.
An image of GOD ...
DISPOSABLE

CHEAP
FASHIONABLE
And as flimsy as her faith.

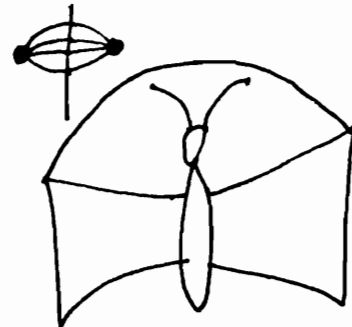
G H Gadiyar

Doodles

Can you guess what these
doodles signify ?



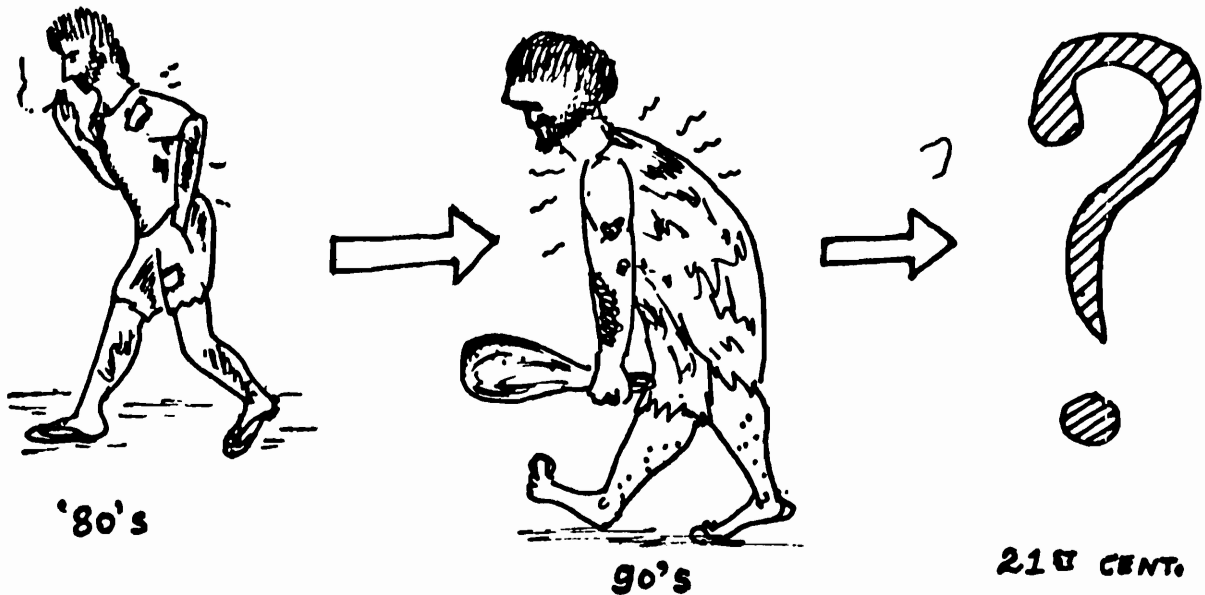
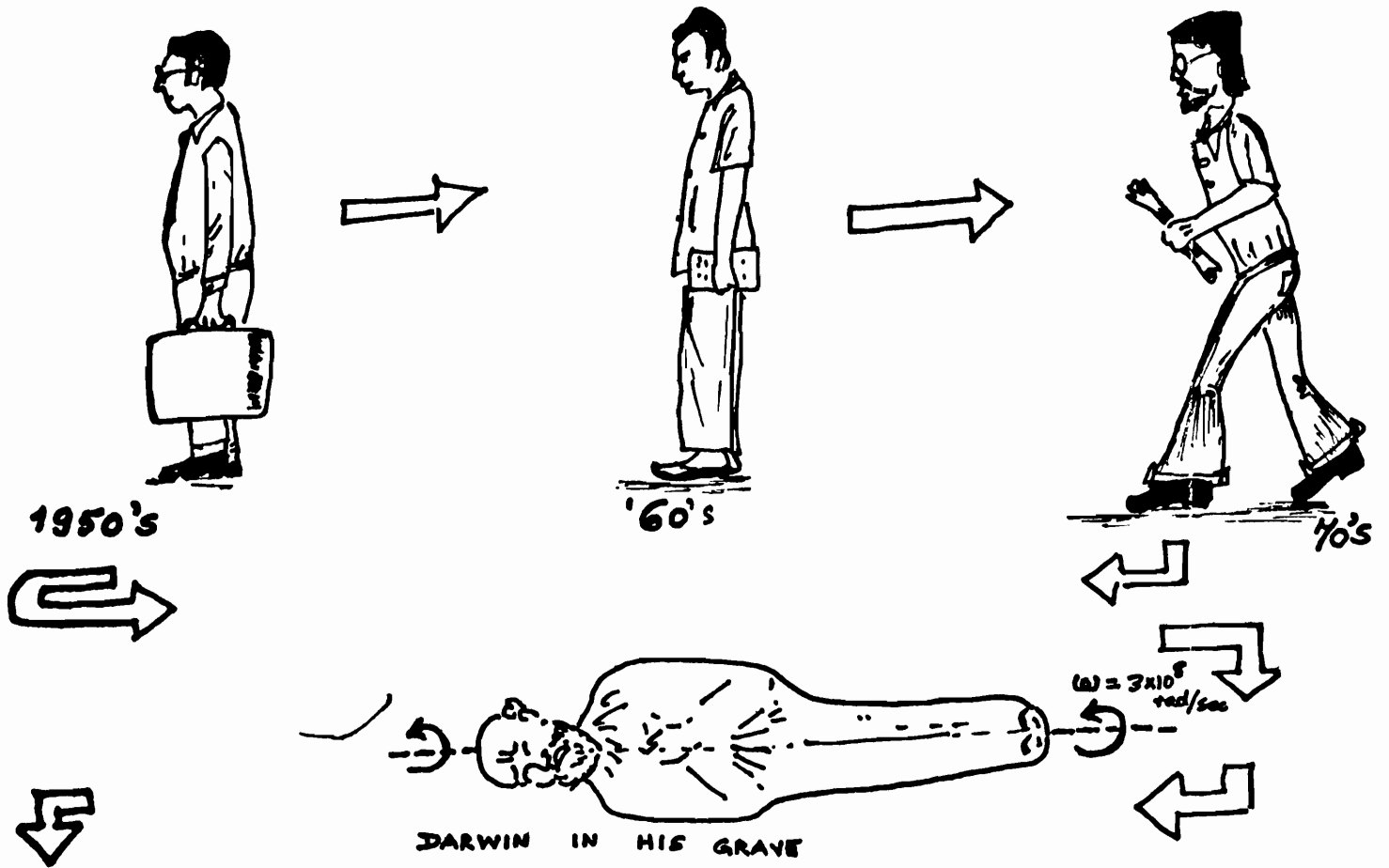
3.



4.

ANSWERS 1. Top view of 2 Mexicans
relieving themselves on a wall.
One is telling a joke and the other
is laughing. We leave you to guess
which is doing which.
2. Rear view of a fat lady diving into the
swimming pool.
3. A spider doing push ups on a mirror.
4. What else, dope, but a butterfly skipping.

EVOLUTION OF AN INITIAN



8/15

HI THERE !

Four years back, a band of enthus young I.I.Tians wondered why on earth (actually, on campus) there wasn't a mag for the hazaar sports and cultural events going on here so they ventured forth and over the year they had at hand, showed what a great idea it was! Thus was born Spectator, a spicy, bubbly, witty, cheery, merry-as-can-be campus mag to be discussed over a cup of G.T or a single S.P (no pun).

Still going strong in our fourth year, we hope to have a lot of fun. Here's a toast to our sister mag Campus Times, wishing her all the best and to the editors, for keeping up the good work and to you too, dear reader, wishing you a enjoyable stay on Campus



So Sköl, (as they say in Norway)

- Eds of Spectator

Kalappa B p
Rajesh Achanta
Kurali K. N.



